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THE CINEMATOGRAPE CRAZE.

An amateur statistician announced the other day that the patronage of the moving picture theatres in Chicago numbered three-quarters of a million persons every twenty-four hours. This figure was computed by the rather naïve process of multiplying the number of seats in all the places which provide this species of entertainment by the number of performances given each day, calmly assuming that all the seats were occupied all the time. The conclusion may well give us pause, since it means that one-third of the entire population of the city seek this form of recreation every day, or, on the other hand, that every man, woman, and child, on the average, goes to one of these theatres more than twice a week. But even when we make a liberal discount, the numbers to which this entertainment appeals must be very large, and the phenomenon which they offer is worthy of serious consideration. It is a mushroom growth that has developed almost over night, and we have not yet had time to view it in all its bearings.

That this new interest is of world-wide extent is obvious to every travelled observer, and is attested by reports from all the countries of the globe. The "cinema" unalloyed, or shown in connection with vaudeville attachments, affords everywhere one of the most popular means of whiling away a leisure hour at almost any time of day, and attracts, by its cheapness and variety, larger numbers of visitors than can be held by any other form of paid entertainment. It is making terrific inroads upon the support of the regular theatre, which is not surprising when we consider that a single seat in the latter costs as much as from twenty to fifty admissions to the former. This condition should operate in time to modify the inflated pretensions of the playhouses, and to reduce the grossly unreasonable scale upon which they are now conducted. The current charges for dramatic performances, viewed in relation to the quality of the entertainment offered, constitute a bare-faced imposition upon the public, and any influence tending to abate these demands is to be welcomed.

In its social and educational aspects, the moving-picture theatre offers several interesting

view-angles, and is a tempting subject for the philosophical observer. Without bringing any of the heavy artillery of philosophy to bear upon the subject, certain interesting reflections result from its contemplation. It is, in a sense, the culmination of the process of substituting pictures for words,—of actual images for the images which the stimulated mind creates,—which was inaugurated when the photographic illustration began to invade our magazines and to disfigure our newspapers. It shows in a very striking way the demoralizing modern tendency to seek lines of least resistance in every form of activity, to convert education into amusement, and work into play, without giving the least thought to the way in which the process softens the mental fibre and saps the character. Generally speaking, the picture performs its proper function when it supplements the word, printed or spoken, and perverts its function when it would become a substitute. For the picture never can really be a substitute for the word, which is equivalent to calling it a substitute for thought, and the intuitional elements which it supplies to the mental process are a poor exchange for the analytical elements of logical interpretation which reading and listening demand.

A great deal of nonsense has been written about the moving picture as an educational agency. If kept strictly in its place as an adjunct to the methods that demand application and concentration, it may serve a useful subordinate purpose. The historical scene as realized from a close study of the sources may be vivified by this form of dramatic presentation, although the setting and the action are necessarily "faked." What the imaginative picture in the school text does for the child may be done for him more realistically by the projection of the film on the screen. But all that he will get from it at best is a series of fleeting impressions, and no opportunity is offered him to study the details of scenery and costume and architecture. The fleeting impression, however, can never make a serious contribution to the work of education. We have seen some highly instructive scientific films, exhibiting the marvels of life as revealed by the microscope, or the unfolding of the flower from the bud, or the transformations of the insect from larva to imago, but to view such projections intelligently requires antecedent experience gained in the old plodding way in accordance with the time-schedule of nature. When one has this experience already, it becomes interesting to see it epitomized on the magic screen, and one gets a

more synthetic conception of the whole process. But without such antecedent knowledge, the pictured display is bewildering and inadequate. The unnatural character given to these exhibitions, by the "speeding-up" which seems to be necessary robs them of a great part of their usefulness as educational helps.

For the reproduction of *impressions de voyage*, the cinematograph has much value. By its means, one may become a travelled observer with a minimum of effort, and its success is attested by the large use which the travel-lecturers make of it. The real traveller, of course, finds his delight in leisurely contemplation of the foreign scene, dwelling at length upon its details, and giving the impression time to fix itself upon the memory. The arm-chair traveller in the picture play-house can do nothing like this, and can retain but a jumbled recollection of what has been shown him. But even such travel is better than none at all, and, besides, none of us can go everywhere in the flesh; so we may well be grateful to those who do the physical part of travelling for us, and entertain us with the records taken by their cameras. Those who have seen the films which visualize the story of the Scott Antarctic expedition will realize the extraordinarily valuable service that may be done for us, on occasion, by this marvel of modern mechanical invention.

Another service that seems to us very valuable is that of illustrating the masterpieces of literature. When this is done in the artistic spirit and with unlimited resources in the way of stage material, it becomes an efficient aid to the imagination. If we lose something, we gain a great deal more, when we witness an adequate stage-performance of "Hamlet" or "King Lear," and even a cinematograph production of one of these tragedies may help us to read new meanings into the printed text. The "Les Misérables" films recently exhibited were exceptionally well made, and gave to the lovers of that masterpiece a better understanding of many of its episodes than they had ever got from even the most sumptuously illustrated edition. And the films prepared at such great expense for the illustration of Dante's "Inferno" were, on the whole, of high artistic merit, and proved gratifying to the most austere worshippers of the sublime Florentine. Literature offers a boundless field for this new kind of illustration, and its exploitation, guided by the artistic conscience, may add much to our enjoyment of the great works of fiction and poetry. We do not know that "Don Quixote" has been done as yet,

but what an opportunity it offers for effective staging and characterization!

The opportunities offered by the moving-picture theatre for ministering to vulgar and depraved tastes are so obvious, and so attested by reports from countries in which license is unchecked, that some sort of censorship is demanded by the interests of public morality. Some form of legal restraint is operative in most of our large cities, whether in the hands of the police, or in those of commissions specially designated for the purpose. Censorship as an official institution is never an unmixed good, and is capable of developing into a greater evil than any it seeks to avert, as we have seen in the cases of the English licensing of plays and the Russian treatment of the press. The present danger in this country seems to lie in the sort of official stupidity which lays down general rules, and then applies them undeviatingly in all cases—a procedure which would have the ludicrous result of placing Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" under the ban because scenes of violence and murder are in general prohibited. We are inclined to think that the lines are drawn somewhat too closely by our committees in charge of this inspection; in their desire to "play safe," they catch not only the vicious and vulgar in their net but also the merely tragic which, distressing as it may be to view, remains an essential part of life, and must not be left out of the scheme if we are to pretend to picture either the history of civilization or the conceptions of the great creative writers. Is it not legitimate to throw upon the screen anything which may be described in a printed book that is published without legal interference?

POETIC EXPRESSION.

There have recently been published in England two single-volume studies of the work of Algernon Charles Swinburne. They are by friendly critics, but both of these realize that Swinburne is on his defence. They make the most of their poet's unrivaled legerdemain of syllables and sounds. They point out, quite justly, his truth of keeping, by which each poem is, as it were, contained within its own frame. This gift would be more valuable if there were not such an unutterable monotony in his pages,—if the parts of his poems were not mutually interchangeable. They also claim for him insight into human nature, and creative power. To us it seems that his figures, classic or romantic, are mainly affairs of masks and megaphones. But when it comes to what for a poet is really the crux of the matter, the business of poetic expression, they both

practically throw up the case. We do not apologize for quoting somewhat largely what they say so well. First let us hear Mr. Edward Thomas:

"But Swinburne has almost no magic felicity of words. He can astonish and melt, but seldom thrill, and when he does it is not by any felicity, as it were, of God-given words. He has to depend on sound and an atmosphere of words which is now and then concentrated and crystallized into an intensity of effect which is almost magical, perhaps never quite magical. . . . Perhaps the greatest of his triumphs is in keeping up a solemn play of words, not unrelated to the subject suggested by the title and commencement, but more closely related to rhyme, and yet giving in the end a compact and powerful expression. . . . Hardly one verse means anything in particular, hardly one line means anything at all, but nothing is done inconsistent with the opening, nothing which the rashest critic would venture to call unavailing in the complete effect."

Mr. John Drinkwater's judgment is remarkably similar. He says of Swinburne:

"His control of language was, indeed, not distinguished by the magic that, although it was within the compass of his peers, was so only at the rarest intervals. This wizardry that visited every great poet from say Chaucer down to him of yesterday, was known to each but a few times in his life. Those lines of almost inconceivable beauty, lines commoner in Coleridge and Keats than in poets whose collective achievement is greater than theirs, is, when all is said, but an exquisite fragment of our poetry. They amount to a hundred, a thousand perhaps; a mere handful in any case. It has been the privilege of every great poet to shape a few: Swinburne made scarcely one, and he loses one of the poet's rarest if not most commanding distinctions in consequence. . . . The rarest graces are beyond his reach; but to the high expression which is poetry, he attains with superb ease."

We have only to question one point in this last criticism,—the statement as to the rarity of magical phrase in English poetry. Mr. Kipling in his story entitled "Wireless" reduces the really inspired passages of this kind to just two,—one by Coleridge and one by Keats. It would be interesting to know what those poets, who intoxicated themselves with the fine phrases of their predecessors, would have thought of such a judgment. Hazlitt declared that Wordsworth's lines,

"Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place,"

were the most perfect in the language; and the same poet's

"Lady of the Lake,
Sole sitting by the shores of old Romance,"

was probably the parent stock on which Keats grafted his double rose of beauty which Mr. Kipling admires so much.

The fact is that these flowers or jewels of poetic speech are scattered thickly over all English verse of the better kind. They glitter on Chaucer's robe until it seems drenched with dew. They gleam from the folds of half of Spenser's dreamy stanzas. Allowing for the drama's necessary recurrence to the conversational tone, Shakespeare is all compact of them. Milton and the lyric poets contain sumless treasures of them. If Swinburne failed to add anything of the sort to our literature it will go hard with his pretensions, notwithstanding his noble literary enthusiasm and his undoubted mastery of metre.

To use words as if they had never been used before, to impart to them a fresh fragrance, an inex-

plicable charm, a profundity which makes whole histories or extended phenomena implicit in a phrase,—that is what is meant by verbal magic. It does not need that it should deal only with sensuous things, though doubtless on that side the most miracles of language are wrought. The Elizabethan dramatists have the gift, though their sphere is that of action. Dryden, Pope, and Goldsmith have it, though their matter lies mainly in the regions of moral abstractions. The Cavalier lyrists and Burns have it, though they deal with the emotions. It is hardly worth while to give examples. Everyone knows what the best is; but everyone is always forgetting the face of the true *Una* of poetry and taking up with some false *Duessa*. So we shall quote a few lines, not from English writers, but from that American poetry of which Swinburne hardly disguised his contempt. Emerson, almost incapable of a complete poem, could write by fits and starts like a divinity. Take

"O tenderly the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire";

Or,

"Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there
And ripples in rhyme the oar forsake."

Poe is all for total effect, yet his words have an almost impossible finish. For example,—

"Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
O'er its roof did float and flow
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago)."

Or this:

"No more—no more—no more—
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar."

Or this,

"In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams."

Bryant usually gives the weight rather than the lustre of words; but take this:

"A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year;
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear."

FitzGreene Halleck's writing at its best is with the best. Witness,—

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

Or this,—

"Wild roses by the Abbey towers
Are gay in their young bud and bloom;
They were born of a race of funeral-flowers
That garlanded, in long-gone hours,
A templar's knightly tomb."

Simple words these and simple metres, but they have the indubitable magic that Swinburne's two critics deny him.

Yet in the greatest poets this enchanted apparition of words is only the warp of their work; rhetoric, language raised more or less above the ordinary, is the woof. With most verse writers this last is all in all. And it can be very good. In fact, compared with the other it is what light is to light-

ning,—or perhaps what daylight is to moonlight. Moonlight is more suggestive, lightning more revelational than daylight, but we could not stand either of them all the time. The trouble is that rhetoric is within the reach of almost anyone who can write at all; and if the person using it possesses also the gift of musical speech, the ordered movement of verse, he can easily set up for a great poet. Swinburne is the perfect type of the rhetorical poet who lashes commonplace into extravagance and sets it to a music which has something of the obviousness and overwhelming blare of a brass band. A *tour de force* is always impressive, and no one who knows the difficulties overcome will cease to wonder at Swinburne's management of metre. But the true lovers of poetry will prefer those metrists whose sounds steal upon the ear and win their way to the heart. And this rich and lovely music, like that of some velvet-voiced vocalist, some virtuoso on the violin, "the horns of elf-land faintly blowing," is almost always associated with magic of phrase. Shelley is perhaps the only great metrist in the language whose high and lovely singing is as a rule not embodied in words equal to its exquisiteness. Milton often crashes out discords; and Shakespeare at the height of his expressiveness, in "Lear" for example, disdains music and pictured phrase alike, and gives us instant, imminent revelation.

There is much more to literature, even to poetry, than the extreme wizardry of words,—there are the expression of thought, emotion, personality; the creation of character, the telling of tales, the building-up of artistic wholes. All these things can be done with plain business speech or heightened rhetoric. And it is often difficult to say where these end and the more mysterious use of language begins. Most recent critics would decide that Byron, for example, is solely a rhetorician; but for our part we think that he, too, is a weaver of spells,—though his may be black magic rather than white. If verbal magic were only a matter of purple patches, it might be disregarded. But purple patches and fine writing belong to rhetoric rather than to verbal magic. The supreme mastery over words suffuses a glow over whole works, penetrates character, and influences the presentation of thought. It is the thimbleful of coloring matter which makes the blue of the whole sky.

There is, in truth, an analogy between magical language and the use of color, light, and shade, mere pigment in painting. Drawing, form, grouping, dramatic expression, are the basis, the most necessary things in art; the glory of color, whereby, as Hazlitt said of Velasquez, things seem to be wished upon the canvas, is comparatively a luxury. Sometimes the two powers go together, but less often than the intellectual and sensuous gifts in poetry. But in both arts, the force of instant and vivid expression is the rarest and most inspirational thing. It is the effortless power of divinity,—all the rest is mere human labor.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE DETECTION OF GENIUS IN EMBRYO has always been admitted to be a difficult thing. Our young swans turn out to be geese, and our ugly ducklings prove themselves to have been cygnets in uncouth disguise. But perhaps as common a mark of incipient genius as any—though even here one is liable to deception—is an irresistible impulse to do common things in an uncommon way, a deadly hostility to the usual and the conventional. Memory recalls the instance of a mathematical genius, a veritable prodigy in the swift solution of rather complicated problems, who, in his boyhood, if asked to cube a number in six figures, would have no recourse to pencil and paper, but after a momentary trance-like stillness would undergo a sort of spasm, and, with certain comical and meaningless movements of head and limbs, would bring to birth the result of his lightning-like calculation, the process of parturition having every appearance of being little short of excruciating. Professor Edmund Kemper Broadus writes with humor and insight on the subject of "Genius at School" in the current "Atlantic." After acknowledging the disappointing quality of academic success, and the perverse tendency of the self-willed and the lazy to achieve distinction, once in a while, at least, in after life, he goes on to say, among other things: "And if, in addition to the self-directed spirits who are independent of formal 'schooling,' and the amiably idle who are indifferent to it, there remains a residuum of the incurably ignorant, not even of these need the seeker despair. There is a kind of perfection, an orbicular wholeness about ignorance, sometimes, that is akin to genius itself. They are the leaven of the whole lump, indeed, these indomitable ignoramuses. They are the geniuses in the art of getting things wrong. The student who said that churches promote the mortality of the community, and his fellow who averred that churches are supported by the tribulations of their members, had that vatic quality which savage nations are accustomed to recognize and reverence in the weak-winded." Nevertheless, neither blundering, however pregnant with unintentional wisdom, nor eccentricity, however astonishing, is a sure sign of genius; else how easy it were, comparatively speaking, to achieve fame!

A BOSTON PUBLISHER OF HONORED ANTECEDENTS, reputed for his own just and courteous dealings with authors, both American and foreign, and perhaps even more famous as the son of an unusually able and distinguished publisher, died recently in the city of his birth and of his business activity for the greater part of his active life. Benjamin Holt Ticknor, born August 3, 1842, was the son of William Davis Ticknor, who founded the house of Ticknor & Fields and was largely instrumental in bringing to public notice and to enduring fame so many of our New England authors of the middle

of last century. In fact, as is maintained by Miss Caroline Ticknor, daughter of him whose death we here regretfully note, in her late admirable work, "Hawthorne and his Publisher," the elder Ticknor acted as publisher to more American and foreign authors of celebrity than any one else of his time; and his honorable and generous dealings with English authors in those piratical days were as unprecedented as they were appreciated by the beneficiaries. Reared in such an atmosphere, and coming, as he must have come, into something like intimate contact with the many noted frequenters of his father's Old Corner Bookstore, the young Ticknor naturally and properly continued the traditional policy of the house when he rose to prominence in its management, even though the firm name was subject to rather frequent and, to an outsider, unaccountable changes. From Ticknor & Fields it became successively Fields, Osgood & Co., J. R. Osgood & Co., Ticknor & Co., Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and, finally, Houghton Mifflin Co., but retained the valued services of Mr. Ticknor until about eight years ago, when he retired on account of ill health. The famous authors whom he knew as publisher and friend would make too long a list to enumerate here.

A PLEA FOR THE QUESTIONNAIRE, that more or less unwelcome inquisitor which is likely to come at any time, and from any quarter, prying into our private or professional or business affairs, is made by "The Inland Printer" in its current issue. Statistics, repellent though they are in undigested form, may, like the ugly and venomous toad, wear yet a precious jewel in their head. Statistics of the book-trade, for instance, or of public libraries, or of newspaper circulation, may serve to indicate a rise in the tide of popular intelligence and general culture, and so rejoice the humanitarian interested in the welfare of the race. Straws show the wind's direction and velocity, and the statisticians of the Census Bureau are on the watch for all such aids to a trustworthy determination of the trend of the times. But if we shirk the filling-out of the blanks issued by the Bureau for the gathering-in of useful information on a multitude of subjects, how can we ever hope to learn with any certainty where we are or in which direction we are moving in the mighty stream of civilization? The Director of the Census has good reason to complain of insufficient zeal on the part of the public in furnishing the information desired by him. He says, as quoted by the aforementioned monthly: "One of the principal causes for the delay in the publication of the statistics of manufactures of the United States is the difficulty we experience in securing reports from the different establishments. At the last census of manufactures, which covered the year 1909, all of the establishments throughout the country were furnished with blank schedules upon which to make their reports by mail, but there was less than one per cent of the entire number that made complete reports. All of the others were collected by a personal visit of spe-

cial agents. This field work was not only expensive, but greatly retarded the compilation of the statistics." A greater readiness of response to the questionnaire would undoubtedly be for the benefit of all concerned.

REVIVING A NATIONAL LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE that have fallen under the blighting influence of foreign domination cannot but be a long and difficult task. It is now a century since Norway freed herself from Denmark and recovered her independence as a separate nation, although dynastic ties held her in political alliance with Sweden until 1905. Four centuries of Danish rule naturally left their mark on the speech of Norway, as attested by the present similarity between the spoken and written language of cultured Norwegians and that of educated Danes. But the patriotic Norwegian is not inclined to acquiesce in the Danification of his ancient tongue, and in connection with this year's centennial celebration of the recovery of independence it is proposed to adopt by due process of law a revived Norwegian language as the national and official speech of the kingdom; and for this purpose the labors of Ivar Aasen, patriot, philologist, and man of letters, are to be turned to account. Sixty years ago Aasen busied himself with the construction, or reconstruction, of a national language which he called "Landsmaal," going back to the old Norse Sagas for genuine native words, and also having recourse to the dialects of those remoter districts that had successfully resisted the inroads of the Danish tongue. According to report, which may be more or less erroneous, the Norwegian speech thus learnedly and painstakingly put together seems, contrary to all precedent, to be meeting with popular favor and to be gaining acceptance, especially in the rural districts, in songs and sermons, in the mimic life of the stage and in the real life of every day. Landsmaal is said to be melodious to the ear, of poetic quality, phonetic in its written form, and not so unlike the printed Danish as to be beyond the comprehension of a scholar familiar with the latter tongue. May it not be that Ireland and Scotland and Cornwall and Brittany, with who knows how many other dislanguaged regions of the earth, will some day succeed in reviving their obsolete or obsolescent tongues and thus add to the linguistic variety and picturesqueness of the civilized world and the domain of literature?

A MAN OF THE PEN AND OF THE SWORD, General James Grant Wilson, who died on the first of this month, was the son of a poet and publisher, William W. Wilson, who brought his family from Edinburgh to this country in 1833, when James was one year old, and settled at Poughkeepsie. A partnership in the paternal publishing house failed to satisfy the young man's ambitions, and he entered journalism, becoming in 1857 the founder and first editor of the Chicago "Record." Soon after the outbreak of the Civil War, he was commissioned major of the Fifteenth Illinois Cavalry, and ere long became its

acting colonel; served in the Vicksburg campaign under Grant, and then, on that general's advice, accepted the command of the Fourth U. S. Negro Cavalry; was for two years aide-de-camp to General Banks; brevet brigadier-general in March, 1865; resigned from the service three months later, and made his residence in New York City, where he occupied himself chiefly in literary work, and in gathering his fine library, until the end of his life. Of the score of books written or edited by him, the more important are his biographies of Grant and Fitz-Greene Halleck, his "Lives of the Presidents of the United States," "Sketches of Illinois Officers," "Thackeray in the United States," "Love in Letters," "The World's Largest Libraries," "Mr. Secretary Pepys and his Diary," "Bryant and his Friends," "Sketches of Illustrious Soldiers," "Commodore Isaac Hull and the Frigate Constitution," "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography," the "Great Commanders" series, Halleck's "Poems," "Poets and Poetry of Scotland," "Memorial History of the City of New York," and the "Centennial History of the Diocese of New York." Academic honors and society memberships and officerships were conferred upon him in abundance. He had a wide acquaintance with noted men of letters and other celebrities, and had known with some degree of intimacy every president from Lincoln to the present occupant of the White House. His books have had a considerable circulation.

A MISSIONARY TO THE BOOKLESS in one of the sparsely-settled counties of southeastern Maryland is doing a work that merits attention. In the current Report of the Maryland Public Library Commission we note, under "East Berlin," which is in Worcester County: "Here we have a county library on a small scale, with nine stations throughout the country-side. The Friendly Library was established in October, 1908, by Miss Rozelle P. Handy, who lives about five miles from Berlin. Through the generosity of her friends, she gathered together 500 volumes. The library now numbers 1600 volumes. She placed typewritten lists at the stores in the neighborhood, with the request that the people make out a list of books wanted. The books are kept at Miss Handy's home in a book-case built in a sheltered corner of the porch. Applications for books are made through the stores. Miss Handy carries the books to and from the stores, and only in the case of invalids or people too old to go to the store does she deliver the books to the homes. There are no fines and fees, and she does not insist that books come back on time (three weeks being the limit), but the books away come in on demand. Miss Handy keeps a record, showing just what books each person has read and what persons have read each book. As the books are usually read by each member of the family, a book is not sent to a family a second time unless the younger children have grown up and demand it. . . . All her financial help and gifts come from the outside. She is

fortunate in having many friends interested in the library, and is constantly receiving gifts." A record for the past year of 2800 circulation (400 non-fiction) among 368 borrowers, is not bad, especially as the total number of readings of all the books sent out far exceeds the circulation figure. Here is a chance for those burdened with a superfluity of books or money, or both, to aid in a good work.

A NEW HONOR FOR PROFESSOR JOHN BACH McMASTER was conferred in his election, on February 7, to the presidency of the Franklin Inn Club, of Philadelphia, in succession to the late Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. Of this club of authors, artists, and publishers, Dr. Mitchell had been president for fourteen years. Its membership roll has included such famous Philadelphians as Horace Howard Furness, the Shakespearean scholar; Dr. Henry Charles Lea, the historian; Mr. Owen Wister, the novelist; Professor Schelling, the authority on Elizabethan poetry; Professor Cheney, whose history of the Elizabethan period has just been published; Professor Larned, who has elucidated the German influence in America; Dr. Keen, the celebrated surgeon, who as a young man was associated with Dr. Mitchell in the Civil War hospitals of Philadelphia; Dr. Gummere, of Haverford College; Ex-Provost Harrison and Provost Smith of the University of Pennsylvania; Mr. John Luther Long, the novelist; Mr. Francis Rawle, chairman of the committee of the American Bar Association; Major-General James Harrison Wilson, the most distinguished surviving corps commander of the Union armies; and Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, artist and writer. The Franklin Inn Club is to be congratulated upon the maintenance of its long-established traditions ensured by Dr. McMaster's election to the presidency. To its quaint Philadelphia home, where is preserved an early colonial atmosphere, there are brought almost daily scholars, authors, men of distinction in various fields, from all parts of this country, from England, Germany, South Africa, the ends of the earth; and these fortunate guests are likely to find no diminishment in the charm of surroundings under the new administration.

BITS OF BIBLIOTHECAL NEWS, in this preëminently bibliothecal age and country, are every day or two claiming our interested attention. For example, the Kansas City Public Library has recently received from an unnamed benefactor the gift of five hundred music-rolls for circulation among card-holders who may wish to borrow them, under the rules governing the lending of books, and to enjoy the tuneful effect of their operation on the mechanical player-piano with which every third or fourth home is now equipped. No rag-time pieces are included in these rolls, and none will be admitted to the library—or so the librarian is said to have announced. In addition to its other activities in educational uplift, who knows but that the library

is ere long to become a powerful agency for the elevating and refining of our musical taste? To the already established heads of departments in public libraries shall we not presently see added a custodian of music-rolls, equipped with the special knowledge required for the discharge of his important duties, and energetic in promoting the cause of good music in his community? Another pleasing item of news under this general head brings with it the promise of greatly improved facilities for the circulation of library books among patrons at a distance from the library. Congressman Gillett of Massachusetts has introduced a bill for the granting of a special mail rate of one cent a pound on library books—to apply to public libraries, school libraries supported by taxation, and, under certain conditions, social, industrial, and trade libraries.

MRS. GASKELL'S MANCHESTER HOME, the house at 84 Plymouth Grove where she did her best literary work and received so many of her literary friends, including Thackeray, Dickens, and her whose life she was to chronicle in one of the world's most memorable biographies, has very recently become vacant through the death of Miss Margaret Gaskell, who with her sister, also deceased, had occupied the house from the time of their mother's death in 1865. Naturally enough, the admirers of Mrs. Gaskell are earnest in advocating the preservation of the house as a Gaskell Museum, a repository for such articles of furniture, works of art, books, manuscripts, and other memorials, as are associated with the author of "Cranford" and her friends. It has been proposed that the city of Manchester buy the property and turn to profitable use a part of the vacant land adjoining the house. A shilling admission fee, too, would go far toward making the museum self-supporting. But it appears from reports that the city fathers estimate the probable cost of maintenance as prohibitive of the undertaking. Surely, now that the Johnson house in Fleet Street has been rescued and restored by the public spirit and large generosity of one man, Mr. Cecil B. Harmsworth, the prosperous city of Manchester ought not to pull its purse-strings quite so tight when so worthy a cause is in question.

BAITING THE HOOK TO CATCH THE READER is a trick that not only publishers and authors and headline-writers find it necessary to learn, but librarians also are giving more and more attention to this detail of their profession. In a recent issue of "The Outlook" Miss Sarah Comstock writes about "Byways of Library Work," describing some of the devices used to whet the rural appetite for such literary wares as are offered by the county book-wagon and through other agencies of library extension. "I'm going to the library," breathlessly explained a storm-buffed lad on his way over the western prairie to the nearest source of supply for his book-hunger; "she [the librarian] came an' tol' me all about 'Tom Sawyer' herself, an' I'm going

to have it. I ain't froze but one ear yet, an' I ain't got but one more to freeze, an', anyhow, I'm goin' to have that book." Among other kindred items, the missionary activity of the Brumback Library of Van Wert County, Ohio, is described by Miss Comstock with especial reference to the "traps" it lays for its readers. This notable library and the great work it is doing are soon to be brought to public notice, more fully than heretofore, in a book now in preparation at the hands of the daughter and the son-in-law of the far-sighted and public-spirited founder of the library.

EIGHT WAYS OF REVIEWING A BOOK, as enumerated by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, are these: first, the ostentatious essay, in which, after two and seven-eighths of the three columns allowed the reviewer have been filled, with more or less irrelevant erudition, he seems suddenly to become aware of the book assigned him for notice, and ends his task with a complimentary sentence in which the convenient phrase "on the whole" is pretty certain to occur; second, the hypercritical review, the review of the expert intent on detecting errors, often of the minutest sort; third, the man-of-all-work's review, or the short notice written by the hack of real or supposed encyclopedic learning who can turn out a presentable article on any book or any subject under the sun; fourth, the puff, which is familiar to us all; fifth, the malignant review, which happily is less familiar; sixth, the honestly enthusiastic review, which is a joy to the publisher and a fountain of life to the author; seventh, the right kind of review, which is the candid and careful criticism of a competent judge; eighth and last, the personal review, by which is meant "the review that blends gossip with criticism," and that is more likely to please the general reader than any other mode of review yet discovered.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A DIFFICULTY IN TRANSLATION.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It is interesting to notice instances in which the early English distinction between the singular and plural forms of the second person pronoun is still observed in modern English. Naturally enough, we address God as *thou* and *thee* because *you* would seem familiar and disrespectful. The distinction, however, between the formal or respectful *you* and the affectionate, friendly, superior, or contemptuous *thou* and *thee* has been practically done away with in modern English. Scholars, of course, are thoroughly acquainted with the frequency and expressiveness of this distinction in Shakespeare, and even high-school students are able to differentiate clearly the French *tu* and *vous* and the German *du* and *Sie*.

But everyone is puzzled when an English equivalent of *du* or *tu* is to be given in translation. How can one retain the expressiveness of the original if one can

translate only by *you*? How is one to show in English the affectionate familiarity of two friends who, after they have drunk *Brüderschaft*, address each other as *du* instead of *Sie*? Often the use of the familiar *thou* contrasted with the formal *you* is inevitable in translation. In Hugo's "Laughing Man" we must translate: "For Barkilphedro to be 'thee'd' and 'thou'd' was a success; he had aspired to this contemptuous familiarity." It would be well to show that while Lady Josiana addresses Barkilphedro as *thou*, he always addresses her, as is due her rank, as *you*. In "Ninety-Three," too, Cimourdain discovers that his dearest friend, Gawain, has played the traitor. "Accused," said he, "you will stand up." As Hugo remarks, it is significant that "he no longer said 'thee' and 'thou' to Gawain." Such a distinction in the use of the pronoun, filling as it does a real need, should not be altogether lost: it should at least be preserved in elevated English poetry and prose.

HYDER E. ROLLINS.

The University of Texas, Feb. 4, 1914.

WALT WHITMAN AND LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

On page 589 of Francis Fisher Browne's "Every-day Life of Lincoln," occurs this statement:

"Scarcely had the horror-stricken audience witnessed the leap and flight of the assassin when a woman's shriek pierced through the theatre, recalling all eyes to the President's box. The scene that ensued is described with singular vividness by the poet Walt Whitman, who was present."

Now I would ask you to turn to the following statement in "Specimen Days," in the collected edition of Whitman's works published by Putnam (1902) under the supervision of the literary executors of the poet, Vol. I., page 37:

"Of all the days of the war, there are two especially I can never forget. Those were the day following the news, in New York and Brooklyn, of the first Bull Run defeat, and the day of Abraham Lincoln's death. I was home in Brooklyn on both occasions."

Perhaps some reader of THE DIAL can explain this discrepancy. I have enjoyed the "Every-day Life of Lincoln" so much that I want to have everything verified. In fact, I once claimed that Walt Whitman had been present at Lincoln's assassination on the strength of this reference, and it was therefore a surprise to run across the note in "Specimen Days."

HAROLD HERSEY.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 7, 1914.

"WORTH WHILE."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Will you kindly enlighten us of the far West as to the popularity of the phrase "worth while"? In the midst of impassioned sermons we learn that life and religion are worth while; librarians ask patrons to name books that are worth while; magazines want contributions that are worth while; professors of literature lecture on authors that are worth while. Education is worth while; marriage, feminism, and socialism are worth while. So are big business deals, and great engineering projects, and efficiency. Truly all these are worthy, good, advantageous, or otherwise; but why are they all "worth while"? WM. CHESLETT, JR.

Stanford University, Cal., Feb. 5, 1914.

The New Books.

NATURAL HISTORY EAST AND WEST.*

About thirty-five years ago a collector of plants ascended the Yangtze River to the borders of western China. Finding the natives hostile, he was obliged to return; but before doing so, he spent a few days examining, as well as he could, the native flora. In the course of this work he came across a new and beautiful species of *Primula*, which he knew would be very desirable for cultivation. As it was impossible to get the living plants home, and no ripe seed-capsules were found, he hit upon the expedient of carrying away a sack of earth from the place where the plants were found, hoping that the seeds it probably contained would germinate. This plan was perfectly successful; and in this manner the *Primula obconica*, one of our commonest and most admired greenhouse plants of to-day, was secured for horticulture.

Previous to this time many Chinese plants had been brought to Europe for cultivation, some from China direct, others from Japanese gardens. These, however, were nearly all *cultivated* plants, merely transferred from the gardens of the Orient to those of the Occident. It was not known, thirty years ago, that western China was full of the most remarkable and beautiful wild trees, shrubs, and herbs, hundreds of them well adapted to the gardens of Europe and America. During the last quarter of a century these wonders have gradually been revealed by a few indefatigable and phenomenally successful collectors, among whom, when all the material has been examined, E. H. Wilson will probably be found to take the first rank. Statistics convey a poor idea of the work done; but it is worth noting that in the course of nearly eleven years Wilson collected about 65,000 specimens, representing about 5,000 different species, and sent home seeds of over 1,500 different plants. We do not know how many of the species were new to science, but they were exceedingly numerous: thus it is stated that there were forty new species of cherries alone. Very many of the plants have proved valuable additions to our gardens in their original form; others will be used in

crosses, to produce improved strains of fruits and flowers. The results of this work will rapidly become available all over the country, and eventually nearly everyone will, usually without knowing it, be indebted in some way or other to E. H. Wilson. The work of exploration and collecting was arduous and time-consuming, but it was thoroughly enjoyed at the time and its results ought to yield as much satisfaction as need fall to the lot of mortal man.

In his well written and beautifully illustrated book Mr. Wilson tells the story of his work and gives a general discussion of the people and products of western China. We are astonished first at the author's knowledge of the flora; then at his keen observations on the sociology, politics, agriculture, zoölogy, and many other matters which came before him. The narrative is a perfectly straightforward one, apparently without undue bias of any kind, but written in a sympathetic spirit. Those who care for exploration and natural history will enjoy it most; but it is to be recommended also to those who are interested in the character of the Chinese, and the future of China. Many people have visited the fringe of that great country, and freely communicated their impressions to the world; but here is a man who has gone to and fro in the uttermost parts for many years, with only native companions; one, also, who is scientifically minded, and has no particular reason for distorting the facts.

On one of his journeys, Mr. Wilson entrusted a box of money to a recently engaged coolie, who presently complained of feeling sick and was discharged. It was discovered next day that the man had decamped with about half the money. At about the same time an official, on being asked to furnish the customary escort, sent back a discourteous reply, refusing to grant the request. The reader will think at once: "Of course,—what else is to be expected in China?" He will then be astonished to read that both experiences were unique; that in eleven years no other serious theft of the author's property occurred, and no other official was anything but polite! Could a Chinese, travelling in the United States, tell a similar story? On the borders of Thibet there are gangs of robbers, but Mr. Wilson was not molested by them. A friend of the author's, who has spent many years among the Thibetans, has contributed a long and very interesting note on polyandry, showing how the custom has grown out of the mode of life of those people. Under the circumstances, it has its advantages,

* A NATURALIST IN WESTERN CHINA. By Ernest Henry Wilson. With an Introduction by Charles Sprague Sargent. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

TO THE RIVER PLATE AND BACK. By W. J. Holland. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

for "it must often happen that one or two husbands are away tending flocks, worshipping at holy mountains, or robbing travellers." It also has the effect of keeping down the population in a country which would not support increased numbers.

A few paragraphs from Mr. Wilson's concluding chapter will give some idea of his views:

"A keynote to the Chinese character is pride. They are an intensely proud people, and it must be confessed that their pride is justified. . . . They have also grave national faults, and this pride and its concomitant conservatism is largely the cause of their present position. . . . I have met in China hundreds of students intent on acquiring Western knowledge, but scarcely one who in any sense realized the immensity of the task before him. . . . For generations China went in for competitive examinations to supply all official posts, and had, as a result, a body of truly incapable officials. . . . I do not believe in a 'Yellow Peril' in the nature of a possible military conquest of the West. It would be necessary to fundamentally alter the Chinese character in order to make it militantly aggressive. But in their virility and industry they are unconquerable people, quite the equals of the West in these qualities. If they thoroughly 'awaken,' what is to prevent them becoming in commerce and industry the great competitors of the white race? . . . My experiences in China, though varied, have on the whole been very pleasant. To speak as we find and courageously is the only just stand to take. With all their peculiarities, conservatism, and faults, the Chinese are a great people. Phoenix-like, China has arisen time and again from the ashes of decadent dynasties, and there is every reason to believe she will accomplish this again. Her peace-loving, industrious millions can never be utterly smothered or nationally effaced. Sooner or later they must come into their own, and side by side with the people of the Occident help forward the destiny of the world."

In 1899, wonderfully perfect materials of a gigantic fossil reptile were found in Wyoming, and secured for the Carnegie Museum at Pittsburgh. The mounted skeleton is over eighty-four feet long, with extremely long neck and tail, and a comparatively minute head which must have contained the smallest brain, in comparison with the bulk of the animal, of any known vertebrate. The species was supposed, perhaps erroneously, to be new, and was accordingly named *Diplodocus carnegiei*. A sketch of it was sent to Mr. Carnegie in Scotland, and was by him shown to King Edward VII., who at once asked for a specimen to be placed in the British Museum. But there are some things that even kings must do without, skeletons of *Diplodocus* being among them. It was, however, possible to make a replica, which was given to the British Museum, and for most purposes serves as well as the original. I have seen both the original and the copy, and do not think I could tell them

apart without very close examination. The great success of this undertaking led to models of *Diplodocus* being given, at Mr. Carnegie's expense, to other European museums. When one was set up in Paris, one of the papers of that city came out with the "explanation" that Americans, having so often purchased fake antiquities in Europe, had resolved to get even by one bold stroke! Everywhere the *Diplodocus* created a great deal of public interest, and helped to make palæontology, in spite of its subject-matter, a live science.

Recently, a *Diplodocus* replica was given to the Argentine Republic, and Dr. Holland, the distinguished Director of the Carnegie Museum, went to La Plata to superintend its erection. This journey to South America is the basis of the book now before us. While Dr. Holland kept essentially to the beaten path, and has no remarkable adventures or discoveries to record, he has written a thoroughly interesting and entertaining account of what he saw. The narrative is detailed enough to be vivid, yet not so detailed as to be tiresome; it is based not only on the actual experiences of the voyage, but also on much reading and thought. Thus the author's "first impressions" are not mere naïve reactions in the presence of the unfamiliar, but are added to the results of previous close study. Dr. Holland describes his book as "simply the record of a pleasant journey," and does not offer it as an important contribution to knowledge; but it will open the eyes of many travellers to interesting features of the South American countries, and will especially serve to interest them in numerous scientific problems of which they would otherwise know nothing. The book is beautifully illustrated, not only by reproductions from photographs, but also by some very delicate and beautiful colored plates, made from water-color drawings by the author.

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

ITALY'S FOREMOST COMIC DRAMATIST.*

With his volume on Goldoni, Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor has added a companion work to his "Molière: A Biography," which appeared in 1906. It is unhappily so rare in our country to find combined in an amateur both the leisure and the scholarship requisite for the successful cultivation of *belles-lettres*, that the appearance of this volume is an event of consid-

*GOLDONI. A Biography. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, Litt.D. Illustrated. New York: Duffield & Co.

erable interest. We should burn a fine candle to the Italian gentleman who, we are told, suggested that Mr. Chatfield-Taylor undertake the work. The subject is a fascinating one, and it fell into hands which were well fitted to treat it after completing the excellent monograph on Molière. It may be hoped that the author of these two works has definitely forsworn the society novel, and that he will henceforth follow the line of studies in which he has been of late engaged.

Strange to say, there has been no adequate treatment of Goldoni in English: there was a clear field. It is regrettable that foreign students of Italian literature have confined themselves so straitly to the *trecento* and the Renaissance. The eighteenth century in Italy was, to be sure, an age of immorality and of low social standards. But so it was in the rest of Europe. Yet, whereas English, German, and French writers of that century have been scraped to the bone for a morsel of flesh, the eighteenth century literature of Italy and of Spain has been scarcely touched. Periods of moral laxity and of political corruption are, however, often of great social interest, and of no century is this more true than of the wicked and corrupt but gay and witty century which, despite the utterances of philosophers and scientists, fiddled and danced on its way to the French Revolution.

The adventures of Goldoni (born 1707) before he "found himself" and became the purveyor of plays for the two Venetian theatres of Sant' Angelo and San Luca are a perfect reflection of the state of Italy during the first half of the eighteenth century. To match his romantic adventures one must turn to the fictions of Agustín de Rojas in his Spanish novel of *El Viaje entretenido* (1603), to Scarron's French *Roman comique* (1651), or to Théophile Gautier's better known *Capitaine Fracasse* (1861). The source for our knowledge of these "Wanderjahre" of the future master of Italian comedy is the *Mémoires* written in French at Paris toward the close of his long life. Upon these *Mémoires*, covering one of the most checkered dramatic careers of which we have record, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has necessarily drawn heavily. His excerpts will have the effect of sending many of his readers to make a first-hand acquaintance with the personal recollections of the amiable and benevolent "Papa Goldoni."

We venture to emphasize as most informing the chapters in which the author has set forth the general social and literary conditions in

Venice, the campaign of Goldoni in favor of the written comedy, the relations of Goldoni with French and English men of letters, the essential inferiority of the Italian to Molière, and the last years of Goldoni's long life at Versailles and at Paris until his death in 1793 at the age of eighty-six. There is perhaps no clearer exposition of the subject to be found in English than the chapter on "The Improvised Comedy" of Italy,—not even Dr. Winifred Smith's more detailed Columbia University thesis on "The Commedia dell' arte," to which our author acknowledges his indebtedness.

A mere handful of Goldoni's three hundred plays are known to some of our university students and to a few curious theatre-goers. No one who has seen Signore Novelli in his Italian version of *Le Bourru bienfaisant*, first played at the Comédie Française on November 4, 1771, will soon forget the comedy or its interpreter. But we question whether in a book of this kind, intended for the general reader, it was expedient to analyze so many of Goldoni's plays as Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has done. The middle of the volume is a trifle heavy, and one has the unwelcome conviction that each plot is driving its predecessor from the mind, as one comedy of intrigue after another is passed in review. The plots of the comedies are abundantly illustrated by the translation of scenes which must have cost the translator no little pains. Of these, the poetical renderings are more pleasing than the prose, because it is even less possible in the latter case to reproduce the elusive dialogue of the Italian; whereas the poetry even in English has a dignity and formality of its own which does not court comparison with the original.

Goldoni has been so generally referred to as the "Molière of Italy" that Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has done well to limit the implied parallel between these two great modern creators of wholesome mirth. The Frenchman and the Italian each developed his consummate mastery of character-drawing and of dramatic technique from the improvised comedy of Italy. Each was a bourgeois with an extensive knowledge of the foibles of humanity. Each had grown up in the air of the green-room, and each wrote comedies to keep the wolf from the door. In outward circumstances the careers of the two men were strangely similar. Neither was notably a religious man; but Molière was a philosopher. There are many serious passages in Goldoni's comedies in which he preaches to his generation; but they hardly hit the eternal truth as does Molière in his portentous portraits of the hypocrite, the

misanthrope, the miser, the rake, and the social climber. One might prefer to have the sunny and optimistic Goldoni for a friend with whom to chat and drink coffee in the Piazza in Venice, while he laughed over his adventures with actresses, with naughty grand dames and their "cicisbeos"; but one would prefer to read Molière, to study humanity through his observing eyes, and to recognize in this great, sad, lovable man the same jarring note of tragedy and comedy which makes the whole world his kin. Goldoni is comparatively shallow, while Molière is incomparably profound; Goldoni is an Italian, and more specifically a Venetian, of the eighteenth century, while Molière is universal because he deals with eternal types of human folly.

The general reader, for whom the body of the book is intended, will be especially interested, moreover, in the literary friendship of Goldoni and Voltaire, in the influence of Richardson upon the Italian playwright, and in the experiences of the exiled dramatist as Italian tutor in the family of Louis XV. But there are a number of *hors d'œuvres* contained in the massive volume: the appetite is whetted by the admirable reproductions of paintings by Pietro Longhi, illustrative of Italian life in the eighteenth century, which lend precious assistance to an understanding of Goldoni's comedies; the author's footnotes lead the way to French and Italian authorities for the history of the Italian drama; and, most valuable to the scholar, there are three Appendices and an Index, representing the painstaking work of Professor F. C. L. van Steenderen of Lake Forest College. Appendix A, containing a chronological *catalogue raisonné* of Goldoni's works with reference to the source and the first performance of each play or opera, is an invaluable compendium of information for the student of comparative literature. A biographical chronology and a bibliography of editions of Goldoni further enhance the value of the volume, and thus place a mass of scattered details at the convenient disposal of the student.

Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's style is easy and agreeable to read. Like Mme. de Sévigné in one respect, he lets his pen trot "la bride sur le cou," thereby offering a striking contrast to most academic writers who feel that space limitations require succinctness of statement. There is one sentence, on page 510, that savors of Goldoni's countryman, the cavalieri Marino. As an example of *préciosité* it jars on the natural style of the book, and may be quoted *à titre*

de curiosité: "Goldoni, too, is open to the charge of having presented in *The House Party* a triangle of domestic infelicity similar in outline to the conventional framework of the plays of modern Europe; yet he has so tempered his situations that the apical angle describing his story of marital incompatibility, being neither viciously obtuse nor insinuatingly acute, may justly be termed right." How this curious *conchetto* escaped the pen of an experienced writer is cause for wonder.

The following slight inaccuracies have been noted, and should be corrected in a second edition: on page 474 it is incorrect to include Mme. Champmeslé in the troupe of the Comédie Française at the time of Goldoni's arrival in Paris in 1762, as she had died in 1698; on page 547 (note) the Spanish play *El Burlador de Sevilla* should be assigned to 1630, when the first edition was published at Barcelona (cf. Fitz-Maurice Kelly).

The publishers have coöperated generously in giving this important text a carefully constructed and handsome frame. It is cause for gratification that in this case an American has forestalled English scholarship in producing a biography of the foremost Italian comic author which should find a place in every library.

W. W. COMFORT.

IDEALISTIC FORCES IN AMERICAN HISTORY.*

"There is to-day," says Professor Adams, "a very decided tendency to seek purely material reasons for historical development, and especially so, apparently, in American history." This tendency is unfortunate, he thinks; for there are in history "other influences of an intellectual,—it may be a spiritual,—character." The invitation to deliver a series of lectures at Yale, on the "Dodge Foundation for Citizenship," he has therefore made the occasion for recalling "a few of the great ideals that have animated our national conduct and moulded our destiny." The ideals selected for this purpose are indicated by the titles of the lectures,—Nationality, Anti-slavery, Manifest Destiny, Religion, Democracy. Professor Adams attempts "neither explanation nor analysis of these ideals, but rather . . . to show by straightforward historical review and by familiar quota-

* THE POWER OF IDEALS IN AMERICAN HISTORY. By Ephraim Douglass Adams. New Haven: Yale University Press.

tions from leading Americans of the time, the force that was in them."

This, clearly, should prove no hazardous undertaking—to maintain that men do not act solely from material motives, to show that an emotion, or a sentiment, or a faith, has often had a powerful influence upon the course of events. On first thought, one is disposed to question the necessity of demonstrating so obvious a truth. We all know, do we not, that our friends are every day acting from other than material motives,—from a sense of honor, from friendship, or at the call of duty. Certainly we know this. And it is a commonplace that men in the mass, even more than individuals, are likely to be moved by passion or sentiment to noble or despicable action. If anything is known, it is known that the motives which inspire human conduct are many, and capable of a great variety of combination, so that the pressure of any particular motive, or of any combination of motives, is never quite the same in any two situations.

Undoubtedly it is this variety in the circumstance and motive of action that gives the study of history its high value. A famous professor of economics, in examining a candidate for the doctor's degree on one occasion, began with the following question: "Suppose a man and a dog with two biscuits, cast away at sea in a small boat; what would the man do?" I dare say the fascination of a certain kind of Political Economy arises from the fact that you can say straight off precisely what the man would do. But if such questions have any meaning, then life has none, and history has none. You have to know the man and the dog and the biscuits, the kind of boat, on what sea it was, and the season of the year. Put St. Augustine in the boat, and I should say that he would give both biscuits to the dog,—at least if it were the dog which we know of in the story. But if it happened to be Bill Sykes in the boat, I should say that he would certainly eat both biscuits himself—and afterwards, perhaps, the dog also. History will readily furnish us both these extremes, and between them a great variety of possible courses. But if this variety makes history interesting, it also makes it difficult—extremely so; so difficult that it is impossible to enter into it in any intimate way, much less to describe it, without selecting, out of the countless number of actual situations, certain situations of a special kind, and emphasizing, in order to understand these situations, the purposes or motives which seem to be most import-

ant. This selection and emphasis constitute an interpretation. Obviously, in this sense, there are many possible kinds of interpretation. Each will be more or less useful according to the knowledge, the insight, and the sympathy of the mind that makes it; but none can ever sum up the whole of history, or be the only useful way of regarding it.

By all means, therefore, let us look at the past from as many angles as possible, each student regarding that aspect of it which interests him, and representing it in the best way he can. Unfortunately, we are all disposed to exaggerate the importance of what interests us; and some men are temperamentally unable to rest easy until they have cleaned up the cosmos and stored away everything in the snug compartments of some general principle, without any fragments left lying around to stumble over; hence the neat formula which professes to explain quite simply what seems at first sight so inexplicably complex. From the Ionian Mythographers to the days of Taine and Lamprecht, the student of historical literature encounters the debris of such formulæ. But the attempt to pack the human spirit in some or other odd shaped syllogistic hand-bag never does any harm because it is never successful. The bag bursts, or the fashions change, and the human spirit goes on its way, as resilient as ever, whether rejoicing or not. Of these receptacles, the latest is the well-braced provender-crib known as the "Economic Interpretation of History." The latest, do I say? No, not the *very* latest; for it is already half *passé*, of which fact Professor Adams's book is, in its way, an interesting confirmation.

Of course any thoroughgoing materialist who knows his business would say that Professor Adams has gone about to upset a man of straw,—very neatly, no doubt. Only a most superficial materialist, he would say, ever supposed that the immediate springs of conduct are always material interests. Emotion, sentiment, ideals,—these often move men, sure enough, to irrational action. But what makes ideals? Democracy is a force, I admit it; but how do you explain the existence of the ideal of democracy, and why does it prevail one time rather than another? Are ideals ultimate and persistent forces, or are they but the natural instincts of the human animal psychologically transformed into more subtle instruments to be employed in the service of those instincts? Psychology tells us that emotion is but the instinct for action delayed or thwarted. Well,

the Puritan ideal, for example, was a powerful force, certainly; but you will find the origin of it in an economic and social organization which for two or three centuries isolated the bourgeois and thwarted his pursuit of wealth and power. And what is the idea of democracy but an effective moral and intellectual weapon forged for the use of the average man in his contest for the spoils of the world? Historians, so I suppose our materialist to say, who are satisfied with conscious motive as an explanation of action in history are only one degree less superficial than those who are content to narrate action without explanation. We must be more profound than that. We must refer action to motive, and motive to the elemental and persistent forces which give rise to it.

This is to place the discussion of historical interpretation on another level altogether. On this level, the materialist can indeed be encountered with good prospect of victory, but he cannot be routed so easily. Professor Adams does not meet him on this level; nor does he profess to have done so. He has made his attack upon the cruder and more superficial forms of materialistic interpretation. This was well worth doing, and it has been done effectively.

CARL BECKER.

CHINA'S "GRAND OLD MAN."*

Opportunity for a most interesting study of personality as developed under Oriental conditions of the past century is afforded in the recently published "Memoirs of Li Hung Chang." An alien and exotic quality in the book renders it peculiarly acceptable to an Occidental reader, and its seemingly frank and intimate revelation of the inner life of a great and typical Chinaman gives it more than ordinary value at this time, when mutual understanding between East and West is of importance for the interests of the immediate future. Needless to say, the memoirs furnish authentic information in regard to many matters of great import in Chinese history of the latter half of the past century.

Li Hung Chang would have been a remarkable person in any part of the world. His career indicates intellectual gifts and force of will such as would have placed him in a leading position had he been born a European instead of an Asiatic. Indeed, so high an authority as former Secretary of State John R. Foster calls him

"not only the greatest man whom the Chinese race has produced in modern times, but, in a combination of qualities, the most unique personality of the past century among all the nations of the world." He was notable as man of letters, soldier, diplomat, and statesman; and in all these scarcely related fields his greatness was due to a certain brilliance of mind and activity and persistence of will. His steady rise from his first subordinate position in a district office until as an old man he held the fate of China, at several momentous crises, in his hands alone,—this uninterrupted career in the achievement of his youthful ambition seems to have been the inevitable result of abilities rather than the effect of family or monetary influence.

Moreover, the personality of the great Chinaman is not only impressive, but also attractive and at times fascinating. The astonishing shrewdness of the man, a businesslike and yet almost preternatural keenness in estimating men and turning them to his own purposes,—this quintessence of worldly wisdom, blended with ready and full appreciation of the abilities and services of other men, and with apparently complete loyalty to his country and his rulers, makes him the sort of person to whom men of common abilities attach themselves. Suavity, intellectual keenness, power, and loyalty are the marked traits of his character.

Such one feels Li Hung Chang to have been in and of himself. But a sketch of his personality cannot end there, for he was something in addition as an Oriental and a Chinaman of the last century. Gulick has shown convincingly that national traits supposedly ineradicable may be the product of age-long environment, and may be subject, under a changing environment, to alteration or complete effacement. As we contemplate the uglier side of the character of Li, we should be the more repelled if we did not bear this truth in mind. In him century-long environment had produced a person of cruel nature and low moral consciousness. Though seemingly devoted to the welfare of all his countrymen, he took pleasure in ordering the head taken from the shoulders of a wretch who attempted his life, and years afterwards referred to the incident with a sort of satisfaction. The multitudes whom he sent to execution during his long career as a magistrate sat very lightly upon his conscience. When he captured Nanking from the Taiping rebels, he commanded his lieutenant-general to pass through the city and slay all persons who were in any way associated with the use of opium. The officer reported that

* MEMOIRS OF LI HUNG CHANG. Edited by William Francis Mannix. With an Introduction by Hon. John W. Foster. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

he killed twelve hundred users and retailers of the drug. Li commented in his diary: "It is good work, and it further commends Ching in my sight." When a certain merchant came with a complaint that Gordon's army had pillaged his property, and begged for protection, Li was about to have the fellow put to death, but altered his mind and sent him back to Gordon with a request written in English, "asking the commander please to cut the fellow's head off upon its presentation. He went away very gleefully." When some of the butchers of Chingkiang complained that the rebels had used up all meat cattle of the region, and asked whether some of the rebel prisoners might not be killed for food, "I told them," writes Li, "to see my captain in command over the wretches and tell him it would do no harm to replenish the meat supply of the city." Yet this cruelty is in strange contrast with the appreciation and sympathy which drew tears from his eyes as he sat by the death-bed of his American lieutenant, Ward. He spent the unpaid balance of Ward's salary in erecting a shrine to his memory. His cruelty to the Nanking opium-smokers was balanced by his sorrow for the curse this drug brought to his race.

Li's conception of woman was low and coarse. It is without the least sense of shame that he refers to his father's concubines. His own mother was one of these secondary wives. Writing as an old man of his changed views in regard to suicide, he ridicules widows who commit suicide to show their affection for their husbands, saying their real reason is laziness or the fear that no other man will support them. "In this she does not deceive herself, nor does she fool the many thousands who are glad to come and witness her death. Let the widow marry again and rear up more spirits to honor the spirits of those gone before. Of course, if she is too lazy to do this, suicide is good enough for her." He alludes in one passage to a certain secondary wife who had at first been very zealous to please him, but who soon became quarrelsome, and speaks of his dismissing her with a monetary compensation as if it were the discharge of a laborer.

Yet in strong contrast with this attitude toward women in general is Li's feeling for his own mother. One cannot doubt that his devotion to her while alive was deep and genuine, and that he remembered her with heartfelt affection and reverence throughout the many years he lived after her. While he was traveling through Germany, the fourteenth anniver-

sary of her death occurred, and he secluded himself from all callers and spent the day in thinking of her and renewing his gratitude to her memory. Somewhat similar was his loyalty to certain friends, among whom the chief seems to have been General Grant. At the tomb of Grant he performed religious rites and offered a prayer to the dead American, and the fervor of his notes in the diary preclude the thought of a mere theatrical display.

We have commented only upon striking and contrasting elements in Li Hung Chang's personality. There is much, besides, of interest in these memoirs. Li's style, even in the translation, is never uninteresting, and his humor adds much to the relish of the book. He was a great man born in an environment inhospitable to some of the finer fruits of the spirit, yet growing to an old age that commands admiration not unmixed with reverence and even affection.

O. D. WANNAMAKER.

THE SYMBOLISM OF WORDS.*

"There are manifold problems in literature that are insoluble except by the supposition that the mind is at times an instrument played upon by the fingers of an Unseen Force."

In these words Mr. Harold Bayley states in the concluding chapter of his remarkable book the theme that has played all through the two large volumes. Another statement of this theme stands at the head of Chapter XV.:

"Nothing is clearer than the marvelous persistence of traditional and immemorial modes of thought, even in the face of conquest and subjugation."

There is no pronounced unity either in the individual chapters or in the work as a whole, for in reality the range is encyclopædic. The chapter-titles in the first volume,—*"The Parable of the Pilgrim," "The Ways of Ascent," "The Millennium," "The Hosts of the Lord," "King Solomon," "The Fair Shulamite," "Cinderella," "The Star of the Sea,"* and others,—are perhaps as good titles as could be chosen; yet there are many curious things in each chapter with only a very slight thread of connection, or none at all. And from the larger point of view, though there is the unity of a continued gnostic and mediæval mystic interest, many things intrude as welcome "brute" facts, and one will do wisely to use the index as the key to an encyclopædia.

* *THE LOST LANGUAGE OF SYMBOLISM. An Inquiry into the Origin of Certain Letters, Words, Names, Fairy-Tales, Folklore, and Mythologies.* By Harold Bayley. In two volumes. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Otherwise the reader will lay himself open to a bad fit of mental indigestion, and, taken at a meal, the work is too much like a Hungarian wedding feast, which lasts from Friday sun-down until Monday morning, and excludes nothing worth mentioning.

First, there is a vast amount of evidence to show that the early Vaudois paper-makers and the later Huguenots introduced into the paper they manufactured their heresies in the guise of water-marks. This has been the theme of a former book by the same author, "A New Light on the Renaissance." Hundreds of old cuts scattered temptingly through the beautifully-printed pages give these chapters an added value.

There is illumination on King Solomon and the sometimes too pompous claims of Free Masonry; as well as on the Cinderella stories, 345 versions of which have been collated. There are links showing the vital relations between Cinderella and the Virgin Mary, and the Bride of the Song of Solomon and the original Mother or Mere, the Sea. There are many hints of the heritage of Christianity from Heathendom both Eastern and Northern, and many sparkling glances at all ancient universal mythologies. Under the caption, "The White Horse," there is a rich mine of animal symbolism.

In the Introduction, after noting a few roots like *El* (God or Power), *Ur* (Fire), *Joh*, *Yah* or *Iah* (the Ever-Existent), the author calls attention to a syllable that appears to spring from the original human tongue, *ak*. Karnak, Menok, Anok, Akbar, Balak, Hakon, Anahuac, Achilles, Heracles, Agag, the Gog and Magog in the London Guild Hall, Yak, Oak, to say nothing of the *ic*'s and *ok*'s which are equivalent to *ak*'s since vowels are of such slight consequence in etymology,—this list could be extended into an impressive one; all the words, it will be seen, including the common notion of greatness. He overlooks *Jacob* and *climaz* (climacks) and probably many more. Meeting this Aryan *ak* is like shaking hands with the Stone Age Man in the British Museum.

Again, the connection between *Hu* the mighty, first of the three chieftains who established the Welsh Colony, and white (*Hu*+*eet*), horse (*Ek* + *Hu* = *Equus*), Hog (*Hu* + *og*), and Uag (*Hu* + *ag*), all indicatig the intellectual principle, will be fascinating if not convincing to anyone.

The syllables *Is-se*, occurring in *Ulysses*, *Odysseus*, *Jesse*, *Eliseus*, *Elizabeth*, as well as in *Elysian*, *Isis*, *Dionysos*, etc., will bear witness to a "burning light"; and it is especially

curious that Issi, Ulysses, and Bissat each achieved fame by burning out the light of a one-eyed monster.

That Eros should not only have perpetrated in English such a word as *erotic*, but should also be accredited with *rose*, *pear*, *caress*, and *Jerusalem* (Eros-el-em) will make for Christian charity to old heathen gods. To find *Baba* originally meaning "parent of parents" recalls Samuel Butler's famous definition of a hen: "Merely an egg's way of producing another egg." Space is not available for more examples. Suffice it to say that of the books recently issued on the poetry and symbolism in words, no other is so charming or on the whole so plausible as this.

Certainly it must be admitted that Mr. Bayley's book has the defects of its good qualities. His theory of unity in language is too simple in its present form, and proves entirely too much. For instance, far too many words "resolve themselves into the mighty ever-existent God." It would appear that half the vocabulary of the Aryans was composed of combinations of *Ag* (*Ak*), *El*, *Om*, and *Pa*. Words as dissimilar as *goal* and *dragon* are assigned exactly the same meaning; and, it must be added, that meaning is a highly abstract one which renders its primitive origin extremely doubtful.

Then, too, the method of comparison is at times desultory and fanciful, depending almost entirely upon phonetic similarities and very little upon historic lines of descent. By juggling Zend, Sanscrit, Hindu, Peruvian, English, French, Welsh, Indian, and Greek, without inquiring whether or how it was possible for Zend to equate with modern English and with no other modern tongues, how or why Aryan should stick to Cornish but to no other language, one has a very easy task in establishing any special theory. To show what is meant: we may admit that the glove was a symbol of cordial friendship, and yet have difficulty in accepting Mr. Bayley's philological explanation, *ag* + *love* or *great love*. He should, for the complete satisfaction of the scholar or even the half-scholar, show how the English *lūf* reached back through the millenniums and confiscated that ancient *g*. Perhaps it did; we are inclined to believe so. Yet the present work demands too much faith. And faith, "the substance of things hoped for," is anathema to the scientist.

However, the drift of this censure is simply that a mystic is not a scientist. Alpha is not Omega; that is all. Doubtless there are those

who will say the author might have been more accurate and plodding without impairing the value of such a book. But there will be many other readers who would not for a world of dust clip his wings of fancy and suggestion. It is the combination of scholar and poet that renders the effect unique. When the pains of erudition have failed to track a word to its primal lair, the author does not scruple to use the divining rod; and the result often passes out of the realm of pedestrian chronicle into the demesne of winged literature.

THOMAS PERCIVAL BEYER.

THE BIOLOGY OF SEX.*

The social aspects of sex are just now being exploited to an unprecedented degree. Everywhere such matters as "white slavery," eugenic control of marriage, and the education of the young in sexual physiology are coming to be the reigning subjects not alone of strenuous debate, but even of polite conversation. With all the agencies of social vociferation—the pulpit, the stage, the magazines, the daily newspaper, the halls of Congress, women's clubs throughout the land, and the schoolroom—vigorously, not to say blatantly, discussing these topics, it is certain that unless the rising generation of to-day is a deal more stupid than were previous generations, the young will be more than "educated" about these topics. They will be vastly entertained.

By a curious coincidence there has been a notable advance in our knowledge of the biological basis and laws of sex during just the period of the past half-dozen years, in which the wave of popular interest in the discussion of human sex affairs has been gaining force. There has been absolutely no connection or relation between these two things. Almost, if not quite, without exception, the biologists who have contributed by their investigations to our knowledge of sex have been entirely indifferent to the social or psychological aspects of the matter. On the other hand the reformer neither knows nor cares what a sex-chromosome is!

"Heredity and Sex" gives a much-needed summary and critical digest of the recent literature dealing scientifically with the biology of sex. The author of the book, Professor T. H. Morgan, of Columbia University, has been very active in investigations within this field.

*HEREDITY AND SEX. By Thomas Hunt Morgan, Ph.D. Illustrated. New York: Columbia University Press.

In particular he has contributed, perhaps more than anyone else, to the experimental evidence showing how sex is determined. His colleague at Columbia, Professor E. B. Wilson, has dealt with the same problem from the standpoint of the structure of the germ cells, with equally notable success. Together these two men and their students have made clear, in a remarkable series of papers, the essential features of the mechanism by which it is determined whether a particular individual shall be a male or a female.

The determination of sex,—what a problem! Innumerable attempts, from Aristotle on, have been made to solve it. Quacks have fattened off its elusiveness, and kings have been extremely vexed (it is said) at the most unaccommodating waywardness of the phenomenon. Now it appears every day more clear that the determination of sex is a perfectly orderly and lawful thing. It is, in fact, a matter of inheritance. "Femaleness" is inherited, even as are blue eyes, or red hair, or long legs. This is a fact which has some important consequences. It means, for instance, that the sex of the offspring is not a thing which can be easily controlled or influenced by diet on temperature or any other external agent. Professor Morgan is, indeed, of opinion that nothing whatever can influence the *determination* of sex, holding that it is absolutely predetermined in the structure of the germ cells. It is just possible that time will show that this position is a little too extreme, but for the present it serves excellently to keep the issues sharply clarified.

What is the evidence that sex is an inherited character? Briefly this evidence is of two sorts, experimental and observational. Experimentally it has been shown, by cross-breeding or hybridizing various animal forms, ranging all the way from butterflies to chickens, that in many cases an individual is unable to transmit certain of its characters to its offspring of the same sex as itself. Thus a Barred Plymouth Rock hen appears totally incapable of transmitting her barred color pattern to her daughters, though she transmits it to her sons without any difficulty. Cases of this sort have been called "sex-linked" inheritance. They have as yet received no explanation which is so simple and adequate as that which follows the assumption that sex itself is an inherited character. Professor Morgan is, as has been said, one of the foremost students of these phenomena, and a considerable portion of the book is devoted to a clear and critical account of the development

of our knowledge of sex-linked inheritance. The foundation for this discussion is laid in an account of Mendelian principles of inheritance in general.

The observational evidence that sex is inherited is found in the cytological studies which have discovered and interpreted the so-called "sex-chromosome." Stripped of all technicalities, the fact here is that, in a very wide range of animals, including man himself, there are certain peculiar bodies, called X-chromosomes or sex-chromosomes. These bodies appear to be composed of, or at least to contain, a particular substance, called X-chromatin, which differs qualitatively from other similar substances. The chief peculiarity of these bodies is their unequal distribution in the two sexes. So far as is now known, females always contain more of this X-chromatin substance than do males. These sex-chromosomes provide the necessary mechanism for the hereditary transmission of sex, which has been seen in the sex-linkage cases.

Several chapters are devoted to the discussion of secondary sexual characters, and such related topics as castration, gynandromorphism, hermaphroditism, etc. Darwin's theory of sexual selection is sharply criticized and finally rejected entirely.

The book is abundantly and well illustrated. It was written in the first instance as a series of popular lectures (the Jesup Lectures of 1913). It measurably approaches the standards for the popularization of science set by such men as Tyndall, Clifford, and Huxley. A higher recommendation of the book to the reader could not be given.

RAYMOND PEARL.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Goldwin Smith
as reported by
his Boswell.*

For the last dozen years of his life the late Goldwin Smith had the services of a secretary loyally devoted to him, ardent in admiration of his genius, attentive to his every utterance, and faithful in recording such of his daily conversation as seemed most noteworthy. Excellently qualified, therefore, was this alert amanuensis to prepare such a volume as the recently issued "Goldwin Smith: His Life and Opinions" (Duffield), although it is not strictly a "life" of the man, but rather a near view of him in his later years, with abundant examples of his vigorous and penetrating manner of thought as expressed in friendly chat with his secretary and literary executor, Mr. Arnold Haultain. It is as scholar and thinker and fearlessly independent (not to say severely caustic) critic of public men and public affairs that he is made to present himself to the reader. One characteristic

entry in Mr. Haultain's diary is thus worded: "The old Professor was particularly polyanthropic today; he reviled everything and everybody, and girded at men and things and theories." More pleasing are glimpses of him starting on a journey with a volume of Homer or Ovid in his pocket for railway reading; these and other classic authors he read easily and repeatedly, in the original, declaring that he could read Greek and Latin as readily as English, but adding, as a saving clause, "unless I come to a snag." His poor opinion of Gladstone's Homeric studies was the judgment of one who knew whereof he spoke. "His Homeric lucubrations," he asserted, "were trash, pure trash. No doubt if Palmerston had attempted Homeric lucubrations they would have been trash too. But the point is that Palmerston didn't." And again, "girding" at Gladstone, whom nevertheless he admired for his "powers of acquisition and exposition," he says: "What is there of Gladstone's that will live? His speeches have no literary merit. I cannot think of a single sentence of his that will live. He was too prolix. He had spoilt his style by over-much practice in debating societies. The prolixity was not noticeable when you were listening to the man. His personality and the unmistakable generosity of his sentiments had a great effect. But literary grace they had not." These conversations, extending from 1898 to 1910, are excellent reading. Appended are two-score pages of "U. S. Notes," brief jottings made by Goldwin Smith in his first visit to America in 1864. The book, uniform with Mr. Haultain's collection of "Goldwin Smith's Correspondence," is suitably illustrated. It leaves the impression of an extremely interesting and strongly-marked character, but one in whom a certain harshness of judgment, the fruit, probably, of early disappointment and embitterment, is to be regretted.

*Studies of
a diplomatist
and scholar.*

The late Whitelaw Reid's "American and English Studies" (Scribner) include some two dozen papers bearing dates from 1872 to 1912. The greater number are occasional addresses delivered in America and England during the later years of Mr. Reid's life. Those on biographical, literary, and historical subjects, such as "Abraham Lincoln," "Byron," "The Rise of the United States," express the views and impressions of a widely read man of affairs, supplemented by facts readily acquired from ordinary books of reference. They are thoroughly good of their kind; but they make no pretence to offering new theories or new discoveries, and they are more valuable to the student of their author than to the student of the man or the movements that they discuss. The paper on Byron, for example, affords a most interesting indication of Mr. Reid's views regarding the morality of literature. In his studies of modern social tendencies the author speaks with more weight, and such a paper as "Organization in American Life" breathes a healthy and conservative optimism. In the minds of some Americans the

admiration aroused by an essay like the one just named will be regretfully modified by the fact that Mr. Reid expended so much of his best energies in arguing, chiefly from grounds of "opportunity" and "interest," for the forcible subjection of the Filipinos, and the retention of the islands as a permanent colony. In many ways the most interesting of the addresses are the four grouped under the heading, "An Editor's Reflections." These remind us, among other things, that while newspapers change rapidly, the requirements for an ideal editor are always the same. The address at the University of the City of New York in 1872 might, with very slight changes, be delivered before an incipient school of journalism to-day. The predictions made before the New York Editorial Association in 1879—that the great metropolitan journals must reduce the amount of advertising because it was bound to prove unprofitable, that the daily papers would never again be sold as low as two cents, that pictures must be abandoned—now seem ludicrous, as Mr. Reid himself tacitly admitted in the Bromley lectures which he delivered at Yale in 1901.

Tom Medwin's
"Shelley" in a
new edition.

As a biographer of Percy Bysshe Shelley, Thomas Medwin has never been considered quite safe. First in the field, with his "Life of Shelley" (1847), every subsequent biographer has drawn upon his book for material, but each has done so with some sign-post of warning to the reader,—such as these: "Not to be trusted for facts or judgment" (Clutton-Brock); "carelessly written and untrustworthy" (Ingpen); "a bad book full of inaccuracies" (Waterlow). Hard indeed are the names that have been hurled at poor Medwin's head,—"perplexing simpleton" (Jeaffreson); "perfect idiot" (Captain Hay); "gay deceiver" (Forman); and Mary Shelley's impatient "seccatura," when by Shelley's invitation Medwin had joined the charmed circle of poets at Pisa. A book so variously used and abused during sixty-six years would seem scarcely likely to be honored by a new edition. But nevertheless a new edition has appeared, with no less distinguished sponsors than Mr. H. Buxton Forman as editor and the Oxford University Press as publisher. The text embodies the hitherto unpublished emendations, alterations, and extensions made in Medwin's own hand on the pages of his personal copy of the original work; showing that for twenty-two years his zeal and interest never flagged, however his memory may have failed. No wonder Mr. Buxton Forman concludes that "as it last left the author's octogenarian hands, and with such commentary as its numerous faults and flaws necessitate, it can no more be ignored by serious students than the biographical contributions of Mary Shelley, Thomas Jefferson Hogg, Thomas Love Peacock, and Edward John Trelawney." Medwin was Shelley's cousin, school-fellow, and adoring friend, and possibly the collaborator in some of his earliest works. A page of the original text, reproduced in facsimile, shows how Medwin

revised, rewrote, and revised yet again, and speaks volumes for his tireless endeavor to do the best that in him lay. However, even that best does not make him a satisfactory biographer of Shelley. But what we must grant is that he did have extraordinary opportunities for gathering original material concerning both Shelley and Byron; thus providing data for others to scrutinize, sift, and employ to the profit of future students of the two poets. "Somehow," confesses Mr. Buxton Forman, "I feel impelled to pardon and to take off my hat to Tom Medwin in parting." Students of Shelley will be especially grateful for the four appendices, which include some of the poet's early letters, his preface to the first edition of "Frankenstein," and the Chancery Papers relating to Shelley's children, besides an annotated list of Medwin's published works.

A garner
from mediæval
literature.

It is coming to be more and more generally realized outside of university cloisters that Chaucer was not the only man who wrote anything of modern interest before the year of grace 1400. The literature of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, especially that of England, has indeed an immense intrinsic charm. The age which produced Chaucer, Langland, Wyclif, Gower, Minot, Huchown of the Awle Ryale, and the immortal author of "Pearl" and "Gawayne and the Grene Knight" is superior in importance to every half-century, except the Elizabethan and Victorian eras, since the time of Alfred the Great. So any book aiming to interpret this age to the unawakened should be welcome. Generally speaking, translations of earlier English into later English for the purpose of catching those who are unwilling to give a little time to the archaic forms, are not very successful. Dryden's effort to modernize Chaucer to late seventeenth century conventions is a case in point. Still it is possible to render worthy service of this sort to the lazy; and, in her volume of "Legends and Satires from Mediæval Literature" (Ginn), Dr. Martha Hale Shackford has attained a very fair measure of success. Some of the translations are made from the French, and some from the Latin, although the most are from English. Since the editor's purpose was to show types, and also to avoid reproducing the better-known pieces which are available in other popular forms, the selection is somewhat restricted. And some of the pieces, such as "The Amorous Contention of Phillis and Flora," will be found deadly dull by those readers aimed at: that is, those who require urging. But "The Purgatory of Saint Patrick," aside from its theological interest, reveals a sociological one; "The Life of Saint Margaret" revives vividly a dead past; "The Song of the University of Paris," "The Complaint of the Husbandmen," and "Sir Penny" have some pith; and the lay of "Sir Orfeo," a Middle-English version of the classic story of Orpheus and Eurydice, has much beauty and charm. The editor has earned our gratitude by printing the original of the last-named. A small compact body

of notes concludes the volume. The bibliography which accompanies the notes on each piece is an exceedingly valuable and scholarly addition.

*One of the
makers of
Kansas.*

That the original of Senator Rivers in the play made famous by Mr. William H. Crane's impersonation of that energetic gentleman should be found to be a most interesting and engaging character, as presented in Mr. William Elsey Connelley's biography of the man, need surprise no one. "The Life of Preston B. Plumb" (Browne & Howell Co.) is both a romance of Western enterprise and adventure and the faithful record of a long and useful term of service in the upper chamber of our national legislature. Readers old enough to have any remembrance of the anti-slavery struggle, or cherishing even the memory of their elders' reminiscences of that conflict, will take the keenest interest in the story of Plumb's hastening from his home in Ohio to the help of bleeding Kansas, the active part he took in the shaping of the new commonwealth as a free state, and his highly creditable record as a soldier in the Civil War. A veritable whirlwind of energy he seems to have been, from the time when, as a boy of six, he nearly crippled his sister in his zeal to show her how like a man he could chop wood, to the last political campaign in which he took part with a vigor that hastened his untimely death in 1891 at the age of fifty-four. His assumption of the editorship and co-proprietorship of the *Xenia "News"* at sixteen, his espousal of the cause of Kansas at nineteen, his study of law at odd times and his admission to the bar in 1861, the beginning of his legislative experience the following year, his three years of army life, his election to the speakership of the Kansas House of Representatives in 1867, his fourteen years at Washington as a leader in the Senate—all this and much else will be found chronicled in detail and with an evident determination on the historian's part to neglect no trustworthy source of information. Footnotes abound, and contain a mass of related matter that no reader can afford to miss. A portrait of Senator Plumb, three maps, appended matter, and a full index round out the volume. It has been said that the life of Preston B. Plumb is the history of Kansas. It is decidedly a life worth reading as related by Mr. Connelley.

*More footnotes
to Stevenson.*

There is certainly no dearth in the production of books about Robert Louis Stevenson, and, apparently, not much danger of superfluity. A new volume in Stevensonian literature, Mr. Francis Watt's "R. L. S." (Macmillan), will make interesting reading for all lovers of the brilliant romancer, especially those whose admiration for his genius has made them serious students of his work. That Mr. Watt is himself a lover and a student of his subject goes without saying; he has, moreover, an agreeable style, not without native Scots humor, in record and annotation. An introductory chapter, "R. L. S.

and his People," gives a breezy and somewhat unconventional sketch of the novelist's life, and is followed by others in which we are led pleasantly along the highways and byways over which Stevenson travelled in his romantic pilgrimage: through Old Edinburgh, hill-surrounded, wind-swept and fog-beset, yet "weather-tight, especially to those 'panged' with that inner spirituous lining which no citizen of Old Edinburgh was like to forget,"—with its ancient landmarks, historic, academic and convivial; over the Pentlands; through the Highlands; always with R. L. S. at our side, explaining associations and identifying allusions as he goes. Then, with our guide, we pass through London, the setting—hardly to be called the scene—for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Markheim," and "The New Arabian Nights." R. L. S. had no intimate knowledge of London, by the way; he never resided there or worked there; his visits to the capital were flying ones. Across the Channel we tarry at Barbizon, at Grez, where he met the lady who became his wife, traverse the route through the Cevennes which he describes in the "Travels with a Donkey," and trace his course in "An Inland Voyage." Thence we follow him to California, and so to Samoa and Vailima. With the local color and the atmosphere of "Auld Reekie" Mr. Watt is intimately familiar; with the Continental and foreign settings he is not so thoroughly at home, but his notes are nevertheless illuminating and useful as commentary on the text. Stevenson as letter-writer, as playwright, and as rhymist, is also discussed, and the closing chapters expound his religion, his character, and his style.

*Literary walks
about London.*

Mr. Christian Tearle's chatty and anecdotal "Rambles with an American" won such favor as to encourage him to issue a sequel, "The Pilgrim from Chicago: Being More Rambles with an American" (Longmans), in which we again meet with the observant and loquacious "James C. Fairfield, of Chicago, U. S. A." The rambles described—chiefly in dialogue form—are mostly in and about London, and of course give opportunity for endless literary and other anecdote and reminiscence, in which Mr. Fairfield shows himself far better versed in English literature and history and topography than are most of his travelling fellow-countrymen. The London "Times" has called him "a surprisingly winning outcome of Chicago's 'tons of culture.'" As a sample of his talk, called forth by a visit to one of Charles Lamb's haunts, here are some of his words of wisdom: "It's a thousand pities that Lamb ever left the India House. He was only fifty, and the work made no call on his brain—he had plenty of time for writing and amusing himself. And he ought never to have left London. The record of these last years is painful to me. It's a pity we know so much about them. One doesn't love him the less, and one doesn't exactly wish that he'd died sooner, but there's no denying that the end

comes as a relief." Yes, with a comfortable income, and with easy office hours, leaving ample time for essay-writing and social intercourse, our beloved Elia seems not to have known when he was well off. Mr. Tearle diversifies his pleasant pages with scraps of quoted verse and longer metrical compositions of his own. Pictures, too, are agreeably numerous.

*A prophet
of Futurism.*

An uncompromising intellectual passion, an absorbing intention to understand, look out from Vincent Van Gogh's portrait of himself, reproduced as frontispiece to a slender volume of "Personal Recollections of Vincent Van Gogh," by Elizabeth DuQuesne Van Gogh, translated by Katherine S. Dreier. A self-centredness so intense that it devoured the mind it inhabited, and a contemplation of the world so sympathetic that it became at times a madness of pity and despair,—these two elements in the man's nature are written in every line of his prematurely aged young face and in every word of his sister's brief record. Driven from an unsuccessful attempt at commerce to teaching, and again on to preaching by his determination to follow Christ in the alleviation of humble misery (Dickens had opened his eyes to some of the pains of poverty), Van Gogh lived more than half his life in absolute unconsciousness of the expression his genius was finally to take. Only a terrible physical breakdown, the result of too complete self-abnegation in caring for his mining parish during an epidemic of typhoid,—only this break and the consequent enforced leisure revealed to him his power of analyzing color, of drawing in color what he saw, and so making his experience comprehensible to his contemporaries. But recognition of his genius, like all recognition of genius, was slow; in his case it never became general even in the artists' world of Paris, where he worked hopefully for some years, until his tragic death called attention to a production so untimely ended. "I try just as hard as certain other painters whom I have loved and honored," he wrote four days before he died; and now, twenty years later, his devotion has its reward. He is one of the three prophets of the Futurists, the group of young enthusiasts who believe that they are finding in balance of color and "dynamism" of line a new method for avoiding "conventional realism" and expressing inner realities of personal vision. This book, supplemented by the letters of Van Gogh which have recently been published, will undoubtedly rank as one of the gospels of the modernist's faith. (Houghton.)

*Clever essays on
common things.*

Although she chooses "Samphire" as the title of her volume of collected essays, or essayettes, Lady Sybil Grant is hardly to be thought of as "one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!" With much less risk to life and limb than is braved by the seeker after that suffrutescent herb, she finds in the walks of ordinary life the material for her clever little disquisitions, her list of topics embracing such themes as garden-

ing, snobbishness, originality, vagueness, personal relations, criticism, authors, concentration, shop-talk, tact, circumstantial evidence, and millionaires in fiction. Three little parodies in fiction, of which the first is called "Matilda of the Cinque Ports," will be enjoyed. In closing her remarks on originality, the writer says: "There is only one way in which to attain originality now; a very laborious and difficult line to take: it is to be perfectly natural." This discovery deserves to rank with that of him who first found out that the most baffling and mystifying of diplomats is he who speaks the simple truth. In style the book is animated and pleasing—though one might object to "awoken" as a needlessly far-fetched form of the past participle. Lady Sybil Grant deplores her handicap as the daughter of such clever parents as Lord and Lady Rosebery, but she makes a good fight against this adversity of her lot. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

*A pioneer
mission-worker
in the far East.*

Long and intimately acquainted with the late Dr. James Curtis Hepburn, and filled with admiration for his noble character and memorable achievements, Dr. William Elliot Griffis was the one above all others to write the life of the eminent missionary, physician, lexicographer, and scripture-translator. "Hepburn of Japan" (Westminster Press) is a glowing tribute to a man of heroic purpose and notable accomplishment, from one whose own years of residence in the distant land which Hepburn chose as the scene of his labors equip him in a peculiar manner for his task of biographer. The dangers and difficulties faced by the mission-worker in Japan half a century ago are brought by Dr. Griffis to the reader's vivid realization, and his book has something of the "thrill" of an entirely different order of literary composition. Rich in varied incident, and covering almost a century of time, Dr. Hepburn's life was well worth recording, and its story is well worth reading. A number of chronological inconsistencies, some in quoted passages, others from the author's own pen, perplex the reader, but need not seriously interfere with his enjoyment of the book. Portraits and other illustrations are not lacking, and the narrative is commendably free from prolixity, being confined to about two hundred and thirty duodecimo pages.

*A guide to
the study of
literature.*

Professor Peter Henry Pearson's manual on "The Study of Literature" (McClurg) professes to offer assistance to both "the general reader who wishes a deeper insight into the charm and meaning of English literature," and "the teacher of the subject in school or college." Probably it will be the latter rather than the former who will hasten to extend a warm welcome to the book, for to the teacher more than to the general reader does its method appeal—a method thus, in part, described at the outset: "The work is concentrated in turn on each of the classics that are on the program for close study. The aim is to work through it analytically and

minutely, so that the significance of every detail is understood; to survey it finally as a synthesized whole, aiming at the result that the pupil shall grasp the author's message in its completeness." On a later page the appreciation of a literary work is explained as "a synthetic procedure in which the pupil is led to manipulate the units of a classic in relation to each other and to estimate them as a whole." Mr. Pearson's eleven chapters deal successively with early literary studies, interpretation, appreciation, structural elements, literary elements, methods of literary evaluation, the study of prose forms, "The Deserted Village," "L'Allegro," "King Lear," and literature in its reaction on life. The book is the work of a close student and a conscientious teacher.

BRIEFER MENTION.

The interest aroused by the recent publication of "Scott's Last Expedition" makes timely the appearance of a new and cheaper edition of "The Voyage of the 'Discovery,'" Scott's record of his first Polar voyage. The edition is in two handy volumes, with a dozen or more illustrations. There should be a wide demand for this engrossing story in so convenient and inexpensive a form. Messrs. Scribner publish the work.

Part II. of Mr. Herbert H. Gowen's "Outline History of China" (Sherman, French & Co.) is an excellent handbook of Chinese history from the beginning of the Manchu dynasty, 1644, to the year 1912. Accessible and trustworthy material for this period of the history is naturally much more abundant, in proportion to extent of time covered, than for the thousands of years treated in the first volume of the work. The author would have received more favorable mention had he issued the two parts simultaneously. The present volume contains as much information as could be compressed within its 206 pages; the information is well selected, well arranged and tabulated; and it is given in a very readable style.

Forty years of a librarian's life are reviewed with reference to American library history and happenings, in Mr. Samuel Swett Green's enjoyable and instructive volume, "The Public Library Movement in the United States, 1853-1893," which is published in a substantial octavo by the Boston Book Company. Thirty-eight years of librarianship, at Worcester, Mass., preceded by four years' service on the board of library directors of the same city; the position of librarian emeritus since 1909; original membership in the public library commission of his State, with nineteen years of service as commissioner; one term as president of the A. L. A., of which he is a charter member and a life fellow, and on the governing board of which he has served almost continuously since 1876 — this, in part, has been Mr. Green's unconscious preparation for the writing of such a book, largely reminiscent and anecdotal, as the one that now comes from his skilled pen. In referring to library legislation in Illinois he might well have supplemented his mention of Mr. F. H. Hild's name in that connection by noting the earlier and more important work of another Illinois librarian, who drafted the library bill of 1872 and was instrumental in procuring its passage. A good portrait of the author precedes, and a full index follows, the text.

NOTES.

"Lost Diaries," another of Mr. Maurice Baring's amusing fabrications, will be issued shortly by Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Little Essays in Literature and Life," by Professor Richard Burton, appears among the March announcements of the Century Co.

Still another book on Robert Louis Stevenson is promised in the biographical study upon which Mr. Arthur Ransome is now at work.

An important and timely art book is announced in Mr. Arthur Jerome Eddy's study of "Cubists and Post-Impressionism." Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. are the publishers.

In his forthcoming novel, "Shea of the Irish Brigade," Mr. Randall Parrish has taken for a background the days when the allies were seeking the defeat of Louis XV.

An important addition to the literature of socialism is announced in Mr. John Spargo's "Socialism and Motherhood," which Mr. B. W. Huebsch will publish during the Spring.

Two important works which Messrs. Holt have in press for early issue are Professor J. Arthur Thomson's "The Wonder of Life" and Professor H. A. L. Fisher's extended study of Napoleon.

Two promising books of fiction on Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co.'s Spring list are "Ariadne of Allan Water," by Sidney McCall (Mrs. E. F. Fenollosa); and "Felicidad," by Mr. Rowland Thomas.

A large volume of uncollected writings by Bret Harte, consisting of stories, poems, and essays, has been compiled by Mr. Charles Meeker Kozlay, and is in preparation for March issue by Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mr. Arthur Bartlett Maurice's series of articles entitled "The Literary Baedeker" which have been appearing in "The Bookman" will be published in book form this Spring by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.

After numerous delays, the third and fourth volumes of Gerhart Hauptmann's collected dramatic works, in the authorized edition edited by Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn, are definitely promised for early Spring publication.

"Beaumont the Dramatist" by Professor Charles Mills Gayley, of the University of California, will be published this month by the Century Co. The work aims to settle definitely the Beaumont-Fletcher controversy.

A new volume of essays by "Vernon Lee" is announced by John Lane Co. Its title is "The Tower of the Mirrors," and it will contain thirty five chapters giving the author's impressions of famous cities and other places which she has visited.

A notable novel of the Spring season will be Mr. Joseph Conrad's "Chance." The publishers of this book, Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., will have ready at about the same time a critical and biographical study of Conrad, written by Mr. Richard Curle.

"Still Happy Though Married" is the title of a book by the Rev. E. J. Hardy, which is in the press. Mr. Hardy's book, "How to be Happy Though Married," has had a huge circulation, and the coming volume gives the author's supplementary reflections on the subject.

The publication of "The Print Collector's Quarterly" has been transferred by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts to Houghton Mifflin Co., who have become the publishing representatives of this institution. Mr.

FitzRoy Carrington, Curator of the Print Department of the Museum, and a lecturer upon engravings at Harvard University, will remain as its editor, and no change will be made either in form or in price.

Sir Oliver Lodge's address on "Continuity," delivered before the British Association recently, will be published by Messrs. Putnam in book form this month. This house has also in train for immediate issue a new edition, revised and reset, of Mr. Sidney Low's "The Governance of England."

Two little volumes by M. Emile Faguet are to be issued this month in English translations entitled "Initiation into Literature" and "Initiation into Philosophy." They are both books for the beginner in these fields. Sir Howe Gordon, Bart., is the translator in each case.

Sir Walter Raleigh has arranged to give a series of lectures at the Sorbonne on "The Romantic Movement in English Literature in the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century." When published in book form later, as they will be, these lectures should constitute a useful addition to literary history.

In addition to Mr. Worcester's two-volume work on the Philippines, we are to have this Spring an even more extensive book on "The Americans in the Philippines" by Mr. James A. LeRoy, who was secretary of the Philippine Commission; and a study of "America and the Philippines" by Mr. Carl Crow.

"The Candid Review," a quarterly devoted to politics, science, literature, and art, is soon to be launched in London. Its promoter, Mr. T. Gibson Bowles, assures prospective subscribers that it will be "dull and honest,"—a decided recommendation in a day of so much clever mendacity in journalism. About the same time the Oxford University Press will begin publication of a quarterly review which will limit itself to articles of a political nature.

The Quarterly "Bulletin of Bibliography and Dramatic Index," published by the Boston Book Company, begins a new series with its January number, changing the style and color of its cover, adding a department of "Applied Economy" (library economy it proves to be in this instance, dealing with the Somerville Public Library's new method in reference work), and giving a page and a half of "helpful hints" from various librarians. Also a series of short biographies of librarians and bibliographers is begun, the first sketch having Justin Winsor as its subject, accompanied by a good portrait. The "Bulletin" is a useful and interesting publication for bookmen.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 132 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Correspondence of Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. By Philip C. Yorke, M.A. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo. University of Chicago Press. \$13.50 net.

George Borrow and His Circle: Wherein May Be Found Many Hitherto Unpublished Letters of Borrow and His Friends. By Clement King Shorter. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 450 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3. net.

Goldwin Smith: His Life and Opinions. By Arnold Haultain. Illustrated, 8vo, 304 pages. Duffield & Co. \$3.75 net.

Cavour, and the Making of Modern Italy, 1810-1861. By Pietro Orsi. Illustrated, 8vo, 385 pages. "Heroes of the Nations." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

Gerhart Hauptmann: His Life and His Work, 1862-1912. By Karl Holl, Ph.D. With portrait, 12mo, 112 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1. net.

HISTORY.

The Reformation in Germany. By Henry C. Vedder. 8vo, 466 pages. Macmillan Co. \$3. net.

A History of England from the Earliest Times to the Twentieth Century. Edited by Charles Oman, M.A., Volume III., England in the Later Middle Ages, by Kenneth H. Vickers, M.A. With maps, large 8vo, 542 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Greatest House at Chelsea. By Randall Davies. Illustrated, 8vo, 236 pages. John Lane Co. \$3. net.

One Generation of a Norfolk House: A Contribution to Elizabethan History. By Augustus Jessopp, D.D. Third edition, revised, 8vo, 352 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.25 net.

Trans-Atlantic Historical Solidarity. By Charles Francis Adams. 8vo, 184 pages. Oxford University Press. \$2. net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Notes on Politics and History: A University Address. By Viscount Morley, O.M. 12mo, 201 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1. net.

Earmarks of Literature. By Arthur E. Bostwick. 12mo, 144 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. 90 cts. net.

Samphire. By Lady Sybil Grant. 12mo, 307 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.

Modern Short-Stories. Edited, with Introduction, Biographies, and Bibliographies, by Margaret Ashmun, M.A. 8vo, 437 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

Korean Folk Tales: Imps, Ghosts, and Fairies. Translated from the Korean of Im Bang and Yi Ryuk by James S. Gale. 12mo, 233 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25 net.

A Wayfaring Soul. By Walter Raymond. 12mo, 190 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1. net.

Outlines: Being Studies in Fiction. By John D. Barry. 8vo, 179 pages. Paul Elder & Co. \$1.50 net.

Mostly True: A Few Little Tragedies and Some Comedies. By Guy Fleming. 12mo, 286 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.30 net.

The Works of the Emperor Julian. Translated by Wilmer Cave Wright, Ph.D. Volume II., 12mo, 519 pages. "Loeb Classical Library." Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

The Dickens Reciter: Recitations, Character-Sketches, Impersonations, and Dialogues. Adapted and edited by Mrs. Laurence Clay. 8vo, 447 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25 net.

BOOKS OF VERSE.

The Flight, and Other Poems. By George Edward Woodberry. 12mo, 162 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

The Collected Poems of Margaret L. Woods. With photogravure portrait, 12mo, 351 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.

The Wine-Press: A Tale of War. By Alfred Noyes. With portrait, 12mo, 49 pages. F. A. Stokes Co. 60 cts. net.

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